Amalgamation - 1918

NEW BEDFORD MASS STANDARD
FEBRUARY 1, 1918

Says Whites Worse Than Negroes

To the Editor of The Standard.

In answer to the statement made in your paper regarding the "lack of sexual purity of the southern Negro and the unwillingness of having one of the race in one's family," I would just like to ask that gentleman from Tennessee and any one else that thinks as he does on that line:

Who, under God's heavens is more debased, more sensual and more narrow-minded, than the southern white man? Since the first Negro was brought over into this country who practiced their beastly actions on ignorant and defenseless black women? Who all during slavery forced loose morals? Who, even now subject Negro women of the south to the most shameful acts of degradation, and then refuse her justice and hearing in court if she has moral courage enough left to seek protection? Who is it I ask? The southern white man has always showed his dirty, low preference for black flesh to defile, rather than his own kind. And what are you doing to enlighten these poor blacks? Why not teach the right and wrong. The strong should help the weak. But no, you keep all crumbs of knowledge of cleanliness from them, you bar them from places of learning and then hold them up as samples of the colored race, give them equal chances. They don't want social equality. Give them the right to live! To live decently and honorably! Then too, the clean, upright Negro feels as much insulted and outraged at the thought of intermarriage as you fastidious white. Also the Negro, north or south, is no more lax in his morals, or overrun with diseases than the white man of the north or south.

Carolyn Stalton.

Prominent White Southerner Kills Fred Lane Because He Wanted Lane's Sweetheart

CHICAGO DEFENDER NEWS SERVICE

La Grange, N. C., June 28.—William Hughes (white), prominent socialist and a leading church worker, shot and killed Fred Lane Sunday, June 16. It is charged that Hughes was prompted to commit the murder on account of his ardent love for the woman who admired Lane, although she was not of the white race. It appears that Hughes was extremely jealous of the woman and had on many occasions warned Lane to desist from paying her court. This Lane refused to do, laboring under the impression that he could, at least, go with one of his own women in the South.

The woman, whose name could not be obtained, it is said, belongs to that element of her kind in the South who spend the light with her own people and the dark with members of the white race. It is alleged that she had been connected with several exploits of like nature, and has caused several shooting scrapes in this vicinity. Hughes escaped after the shooting, but his hiding place is known to several citizens, who are reluctant to take any part in the affair.

"COLORED" WHITE MAN SELLS VALUABLE PROPERTY

James L. Hitchens, Jr., the adopted white son of the late James L. Hitchens who made a large fortune in the moving business in East Baltimore, has just sold his Riderwood home to Colonel W. B. Davis of Tennessee. Hitchens created a sensation over a year ago by purchasing in this fashionable neighborhood, and when his identity became known every effort was made to have the sale cancelled, but without effect.

NEGRO PREACHER FINED

THE REV. LEE HAWKINS REBUKED FOR CONTEMPT

SPOKANE WASH REVIEW
JUNE 8, 1918

Should Obey Christ's Teaching, to Respect the Law, Says Judge Huneke.

Judge Huneke gave the Rev. Lee Hawkins, negro evangelist, a stern rebuke yesterday in finding him guilty of contempt of court and fining him $50. Hawkins failed to appear in answer to a subpena in injunction proceedings. He said yesterday that he had had a row with the sheriff and feared bodily harm.

Judge Huneke said Hawkins had violated the subena flagrantly and that if the courts were ignored a condition would result such as exists in Russia.

"Mr. Hawkins has stated he would not return to Deep Creek and I hope for his own good and for the sake of others he will not do so," said the court.

Judge Huneke then said that the Rev. Mr. Hawkins insisted he was trying to preach Jesus Christ, yet he had run away through what he said was fear, while Christ would have obeyed the law. He continued:

"Christ told his followers to respect the law and to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

SAN FRANCISCO CAL CALL
AUGUST 3 1918

Negress and White Man Charter Launch And Are Wed at Sea

Chartering a Crowley launch, Ernest L. Boem, white, and Elsie Scott, a negress, went beyond the three mile limit this morning and were married near the nine fathom buoy by the skipper of the launch, A. C. Jorgensen.

They had been refused a license because of the difference of race, their marriage being prohibited by state law. There was a delay of half an hour while Captain Jorgensen searched for a bible to use in the ceremony.

Stamford Girl in Court Here with Colored Husband

Flora Patten in Common Pleas on Appealed Jail Sentence

BRIDGEPORT CONN TELEGRAM
DECEMBER 4, 1918

The spectacle of Flora Patten, a young white girl, entering the Criminal Pleas court with a negro reputed to be her husband, caused considerable comment during the court session yesterday afternoon. The girl, who lives in Stamford, was arrested as a street walker and her case came before the Common Pleas court on an appeal from the sentence of 30 days in jail imposed upon her by the Stamford City court. The negro, whose name is James Patten, sat beside the girl while her case was being discussed. The case was continued until today when Judge Booth is expected to pass sentence upon the girl.

In the case of Steve Norko of this city, charged with theft, the court committed the boy to the Connecticut School for Boys but suspended the execution of his decree. Norke, who is a minor, was then placed in custody of Attorney Hugh J. Lavery as special probation officer.

Frank Taylor of Norwalk, charged with drunkenness, was sent to the Norwich State Farm for Inebriates for two years. Jacob Lavine of this city, charged with violation of the motor vehicle laws, was released under $75 bonds.

ENLIST AS HUMAN WHITE

EVANSVILLE (IND.) MAN HELD BY GOVERNMENT AUTHORITIES.

Ellis Porter Made Fraudulent Enlistment—Mother Lives There.

Special to The Indianapolis Freeman

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Aug. 29.—Ellis Porter, 26 years old, is under arrest here on Government orders, charging him with fraudulent enlistment in the army. Porter was slated on the police slate as a Negro. In the army he was classed as a white man, having enlisted as such. The mother of Porter lives in Evansville. Porter served for three years as a member of a company of white regulars, associated with white women and attended social functions given by white people.

White Girl, Descendant of First Family of Virginia, Weds Camp Upton Soldier

Long Island, N. Y., May 10.—It became known here last week that John Moody, a member of the Camp Upton draft contingent, obtained a license to marry Matilda Epperson, a white girl of New Kent, Va. Moody gave his address as New Kent, and said his prospective bride was coming from that place to marry him, but declined to give the time or place of the ceremony. The marriage of Moody to Miss Epperson will be the final note in a long and ardent love affair which was entered into secretly in the Virginia city. The silly customs of the South prohibited this couple from marrying in their native state, and if it had even been contemplated that Miss Epperson admired Moody he would have been lynched. Miss Epperson is of one of the first families of Virginia, and was prominent in social circles in her home state.

BALTIMORE MD EVENING SUN
MARCH 22, 1918

Cr

Editor "Answers"
Who are the Creo of negro blood?
E. J. C.

The word Creole French form of *criollo*, a West Indi probably a negro corruption of the Spa ord *criollo*, the diminutive of c one bred or reared, from *criar*, t , a derivative of the Latin *creare*, to create, a word used originally in sixteenth century to denote persons born in the West Indies of Spanish parents, as distinguished from immigrants direct from Spain, aboriginals, negroes or mulattos. It is now used of the descendants of nonaboriginal races born and settled in the West Indies, in various parts of the American mainland and in Mauritius, Reunion and some other places colonized by Spain, Portugal, France or, in the case of the West Indies, by England. In a similar sense the name is used of animals and plants. The use of the word by some writers as necessarily implying a person of mixed blood is totally erroneous; in itself "Creole" has no distinction of color; a Creole may be a person of European, negro or mixed extraction, or even a horse. Local variations occur in the use of the word as applied to people. In the West Indies it designates the descendants of any European race; in the United States the French-speaking native portion of the white race in Louisiana, whether of French or Spanish origin. The French Canadians are never termed creoles, nor is the word now used of the South Americans of Spanish or Portuguese descent, but in Mexico whites of pure Spanish extraction are still called creoles. In all the countries named when a nonwhite Creole is indicated the word negro is added. In Mauritius, Reunion, etc., on the other hand, Creole is commonly used to designate the black population, but is also occasionally used of the inhabitants of European descent. The difference in type between the white Creoles and the European races from whom they have sprung, a difference often considerable, is due principally to changed environment, especially to the tropical or semi-tropical climate of the la they inhabit. The many patois fou on

PHILADELPHIA PA INQUIRER
DECEMBER 6 1918

MARRIAGE BETWEEN WHITES AND NEGROES (Mrs. M. H.)—

The States in which the marriage of whites and negroes is prohibited are the following:

Alabama	Mississippi
Arizona	Missouri
Arkansas	Nebraska
California	North Carolina
Colorado	Oklahoma
Delaware	Oregon
Florida	South Carolina
Georgia	Tennessee
Idaho	Texas
Indiana	Utah
Kentucky	Virginia
Louisiana	West Virginia
Maryland	

LEDGER DISPATCH
MAY 27, 1918

ARREST WHITE MAN WITH COLORED WIFE

(Special to Ledger-Dispatch)

Suffolk, Va., May 27.—Thomas E. Lilly, a white man employed at a local plant here, and Ella M. Wilkins, colored, who were married in Suffolk at midnight last Wednesday night, and for whom the police have been searching since that time, were arrested in North Carolina yesterday morning by Sheriff Wagner, Chief Brinkley, Officer Bogett and a constable of Gates county, and were brought to Suffolk about 4 a. m. and lodged in jail.

In police court today the man and woman were given a preliminary trial and were sent on to the grand jury, which meets at the term of court beginning June 25.

Lilly was sent to jail and the Wilkins woman was allowed to give bond of $500 for her appearance at the June term of court.

Intermarriage of black and white races in Virginia is punishable by a term in the State penitentiary.

SALT LAKE CITY UTAH NEWS
SEPTEMBER 6, 1918

Woman Says She Has Negro Blood But Her Children Have Not

That she might marry Domingo Larreba, a n native of Peru, Mrs. Rebecca McKinley, apparently white, swore in getting a marriage license Wednesday that she has negro blood n her veins.

But to admit that there is negro lood in the veins of her three little ons by her first marriage is more than Mrs. Larreba would do yesterday in he juvenile court. She insisted that the oys are all white.

"If they are," said Ben R. Harrick hief officer of the juvenile court, they cannot live in a home with a egro. Also, if the boys are whit ithout taint of negro blood, the moth must be and her marriage to Larba is unlawful."

Hearing on the question as to wheth the children will be left in the Larba household was set for Monday fore Judge C. M. Nielsen.

Sir Arthur Helps in Politics and Letters

The Personality and Activities of an Englishman Who Combined the Duties of Public Office with the Pleasures of Literature

Boston Evening Transcript 4/28/16

By E. F. E.

MEN of letters in England frequently combine their literary activities with Government employment that secures them a definite income, and that at the same time gives them abundant leisure for writing and continuous contact with men of prominence in social and political life. Charles Lamb and Anthony Trollope—these are the two names that come most readily to mind in this connection—are conspicuous examples among many who found it possible to combine the duties and obscurity of office with the pleasure and fame of authorship. In this country such a combination is so rare as to be extraordinary, just as it is also exceptional for us to follow the British custom of uniting statesmanship with letters in one and the same man.

Among those who followed the example of Lamb and who was contemporaneous with Trollope was Arthur Helps. After his boyhood at Eton and his graduation from Trinity College, Cambridge, he became secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and later clerk to the Privy Council, an official position that brought him into the circle of things political and close to the Queen and various members of the Government. During his entire lifetime of sixty-two years—he was born in 1813 and died in 1875—he found his greatest intellectual enjoyment in writing, in personal friendship, and in laboring for the well-being of mankind, his interest in slavery leading him to studies of history that resulted in his "Conquerors of the New World" and "The Spanish Conquest in America." He also wrote a novel and two plays that attracted little attention, his best literary work being accomplished in his essays on social questions entitled "Friends in Council," his "Essays Written in the Intervals of Business" and his "Talk About Animals and Their Masters." Through his official association with the Queen became the editor of "Principal Speeches and Addresses of the Late Prince Consort" and the Queen's own "Leaves from a Journal of Our Life in the Highlands."

In his collection of his father's correspondence, Mr. E. A. Helps reveals the variety of his labors as writer and government official and the extent of his friendships. It is obvious that he constantly had in mind the betterment of his fellow men. "He was animated," says his son, "by a desire to arouse men to a sense of the horrors, miseries and brutalities of war, and to improve the condition of his poorer fellow-creatures—to make men think of these things. Nearly everything he wrote bears directly or indirectly upon these subjects. He did not write for fame, and was singularly devoid of ambition. He appreciated, however, the honors bestowed upon him. . . . As all who knew him are aware, he had a hatred of war, a disbelief in competitive examinations, and was ever oppressed by a sense of the evils of crowding, unhealthy dwellings, and insanitation in large cities. But he never intruded these subjects in conversation, and in his writings he never suppressed any facts which militated against his views, and was always perfectly fair to those whose opinions differed from his, nor, except now and then in his writings, did he ever give rein to the keen vein of satire which he possessed."

A meeting with Charles Eliot Norton when he was in London in 1850 resulted in a correspondence which continued for several years, although, strange to say, as far as this volume reveals, it had ceased by the time of the beginning of the Civil War, many of whose problems and anticipatory controversies had offered material for discussion. When it was proposed that an American edition of "Friends in Council" be published, his reply to Professor Norton reveals an unusual state of mind on the part of a writer. "To tell you the honest truth," he wrote, "however, I care next to nothing about the matter. When I am writing a book I do the best I can with it and spare no pains; but when it is done I generally entertain a slight disgust for it ever afterwards, the sort of feeling Lady Macclesfield probably had for poor Savage (conscious consanguinity mixed up with decided aversion), so that when I hear at the publishers here that another edition is wanting it gives me but little satisfaction. This is wrong, no doubt, but so it is. If, notwithstanding this somewhat cold reception of what on your part is real kindness and a wish to do good as you think, you persevere in getting the second volume of 'Friends' printed in America I advise you to have the index printed too, which is to be found in the last edition."

Because of his interest in the slavery question "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was an epoch-making book to him. He first heard of it from Professor Norton, who sent him a copy, with a letter in which he described it as a "work of uncommon power," with simplicity, strength and earnestness as its chief merits. In acknowledgment Helps said: "The book horrifies and haunts me, and I cannot help writing you somewhat at large upon it. You will perhaps be surprised at my saying the book horrifies me; for from the interest you have taken in the same subjects which I have cared for you know well what horrors of various kinds about slavery, about the dwellings of the poor and about various sanitary matters I must have waded through. . . . Many readers and reviewers will, I have no doubt, at once explain the book to themselves, and make their minds, comparatively speaking, easy upon it, by saying that it contains gross exaggerations, and that it gives no fair account of slavery in America. I am, unfortunately, but too well acquainted with the records of slavery in most parts of the New World, and under nations differing very much from one another, for me to be able to comfort myself in this way. In truth, unless by some special Providence planters were imbued with angelic natures, of which there is at present no evidence before us, I cannot see how the state of things can be much otherwise than as it is described to be in this fearful book, which seems to have set all America again thinking about slavery. I have seen something of what is called 'the world,' and have a large acquaintance with men in all classes of life, from the highest to the lowest, in this country, and I think I know about five persons who might be intrusted with the supreme authority over their fellow-creatures which is given by law to the slaveholders, indiscriminately, in many a slave State."

Among the letters in this collection are many that passed between Thomas Carlyle and his friend Helps, and the names of Tennyson, Gladstone, Disraeli, Ruskin, Kingsley, Mill, Lewes and Froude appear frequently. It is interesting to note that only within a few weeks of his death in 1870 did Dickens meet the Queen for the first time, and that upon her request to see some photographs of Civil War battlefields in his possession. The interview lasted half an hour; the Queen presented him with a copy of her own book, with the remark that "the humblest of writers is ashamed to offer it to one of the greatest," and asked him to make her a present of his own books. This he did, having special bindings made for them and they were placed by the Queen in her private library at Balmoral. But before Dickens could learn from Arthur Helps of this honor, he was dead. An appreciative memorial tribute to Dickens was paid by him in the pages of Macmillan's Magazine.

In 1864, the degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon him by Oxford, and in 1872 he was knighted. Throughout this series of letters is evidence of his serious outlook upon life and of his efforts to make the world better by precept and action. His sense of humor is obviously very scant, for when the comedy of life does strike him he goes out of the way to ask laughter for utter banalities. Referring to a visit to the Gaiety Theatre to see Toole, he commends as a good joke that line: "My mother-in-law has lived with us for the last year and a half; and yet I am not happy." This was in 1871, when he was almost sixty years old, and he had either lived that length of time without having heard the mother-in-law joke, or else he had heard it many times and still considered it funny. The book as a whole is a valuable record of personal character and professional activities.

Arthur Helps

DIVISION OF BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE RESEARCH REEL 7

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A CAMOULFLAGE IN COLOR

(BY LESTER A. WALTON.)

SOME weeks ago, while alighting from a Long Island train at Camp Upton Terminal, I suddenly caught sight of a colored performer who has found it remunerative to pose as an East Indian. He, too, had just arrived in camp, accompanied by two assistants, having been booked to appear at a vaudeville entertainment for white soldiers.

The vaudevillian in question chanced to look my way, and our eyes met. He hastily gave me a disguised howdy, and I returned a like salutation. At the time I was forced to smile as it occurred to me that some months before my acquaintance had related to me at The Age office how he was fooling white Americans by "passing" on the stage for a foreigner.

Later in the day, upon my return to New York, while engaged in a reverie of the incidents that had transpired in the past twelve hours, I recalled to mind the presence of the colored American at Camp Upton who was compelled to represent himself as a foreigner in order to make a respectable living on the stage in his own country. In this reflective mood I found it impossible to regard such a condition in a humorous vein as I had several hours before.

Maybe my thoughts had been sobered by the impressive spectacle of thousands of young colored Americans in khaki preparing, if necessary, to give their lives to uphold the honor and integrity of their mother country; or possibly environment, breathing war with all of its possible frightfulness, had turned my thoughts into a more serious channel.

The colored American never finds mental comfort in the thought that preference is ofttimes given a foreigner of dark complexion when the question arises as to whom should be given an opportunity to earn an honest living; and this unfair attitude of the white American toward the colored American is not confined solely to the stage.

In vaudeville it is the booking agent who usually fails to practice what he so loudly preaches—"True Americanism." Although professing to intensely love country and all things American, he is usually the first to tell a race act to bill itself as anything but native born. For this reason we have colored Americans appearing in vaudeville as East Indians, Hawaiians, Malays and members of other darker races—and all because the white American discriminates against his own in favor of foreigners.

This incongruous position unnecessarily assumed by the booking agent is not prompted by any general outcry against colored American acts on the part of the public, for usually such turns are very much enjoyed. It is merely an absurd assumption based on nothing more than prejudice—a prejudice which should be discarded along with all other anti-American sentiment.

In other avenues of endeavor we find there are times when the colored American is made to feel the bitter sting of discrimination not because of his color but on account of having been born in this country. I also know of instances in which landlords have shown an inclination to rent to colored people so long as they professed to be anything but Americans.

A few years ago in Brooklyn, when the white branch of the Y. M. C. A. decided to get rid of its colored members, one of the young colored men vigorously opposed the plan to transfer him to a colored branch. He raised so much opposition that the Y. M. C. A. people assured him that if he declared himself to be other than colored American and admitted he was a foreigner he would be permitted to retain his membership. As he refused to deny his racial identity, the young mn was subsequently dropped.

If the conscience of the American white man is being pricked today as never before, as has been reported, and war is giving him a broader vision and exercising over him an ennobling influence for good, it is fervently hoped that in the near future he will wake up to a higher appreciation of the colored American's worth and status at home, and treat him as the true and loyal American that he is and not as an involuntary alien.

When this revolutionary mental process comes to pass, being a real, unadulterated American in America will be regarded as a help rather than a hindrance, and we will have made one more step in the right direction in the interest "one hundred per cent Americanism."

REGISTERS AS NEGRO; MOTHER SAYS HE IS WHITE

Bloomington, Ind.—The Monroe county national army board will have to decide whether Charles Nelson is a negro or a white man. He registered for military service as of African descent, according to the board and his name was placed in the list of the colored selectmen.

Mrs. Thomas Nelson, his mother, has employed Frank Regester, an attorney, to take up the case and have him listed as a white man. Mr. Regester is preparing a brief of the case to file with the board in which it is asserted that the boy has only one-sixteenth of negro blood in his veins and so can be regarded under the Indiana law as a white man.

Adventurous Youth Now Noted Author

Spent Early Days in South Africa

LEONARD MERRICK.

Judge Cook Displays Rank Racial Prejudice in Court Decision

By Nettie George Speedy

Judge Wells M. Cook of the Moral court, displayed rank racial prejudice Thursday, Oct. 31 last, when he sentenced Norval A. Wilburn, 3531 Indiana avenue, waiter at the Congress hotel, to six months in the house of correction, on a charge of fornication with Mable Fauhl (white) a woman to whom Wilburn had been married Aug. 30, last by Dr. Parrish, 3650 Wabash avenue.

Sentence Wilburn

The testimony showed that Mabel Fauhl had deserted her husband, John C. Fauhl (white) and two children and had started out to make her own living. And during the interval she met

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Wilburn, and under oath swore that Wilburn had no idea that she had ever been married, but had always treated her with respect, and knew nothing of her until they were man and wife. Her statement was corroborated in its entirety by Wilburn and Sergt. Michael E. Winn (white), who made the arrest at the request of Mabel's first husband, testified that he had looked up the character and assertions of Wilburn, and had found him to be a respectable and hard-working man, and could find no place nor occasion where Wilburn and Mrs. Fauhl had violated the law. He had asserted that they had lived at 3719 Indiana avenue, 49 East 42nd street and 3531 Indiana avenue, but only since Aug. 30 when they were made man and wife, and there was no testimony showing that Wilburn had violated the law intentionally or knowingly.

Judge Makes Statement

Judge Cook declared the case to be a tragedy, and although the woman has a charge of bigamy hanging over her, he intimated that he would allow her to go home to her people, while he sent Wilburn to the house of correction. A well known attorney (whose name is on file at this office) informed a Defender reporter that he overheard Judge Cook instruct one of the attendants of the Morals court, who had applied to him for money with which to buy food for Mrs. Fauhl, to give her anything she wanted to eat, but be careful and keep away from that 'coon." Possibly Judge Cook is more familiar with coons than the ordinary person, or there may be an affiliation between quadrupeds that is not recognized among more human beings.

INSULTS BLACK WORLD

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT COMMITS TREASON IN PREFERRING RUIN OF FRANCE RATHER THAN MIXTURE OF BLOOD OF COLORED RACES FIGHTING FOR HER.

(Boston Transcript, June 15, 1918.)

However, Tommy Atkins may to a considerable extent be inclined to settle in France. So, very likely, would be the whole body of the Portuguese troops who are fighting there, and the Italians. Thousands of the hinese laborers may stay, and so may the black soldiers from Senegambia and other African French colonies. Unfortunately the incorporation of most of these elements into the future French population would represent mongrelization and degeneration. France would do better, in the long run, to send them home, for the immediate economic or industrial advantage of their immigration would be more than counterbalanced by the disadvantage of the mixture. France amalgamates all racial elements that enter her gates. Her best hope for her demographic future rests on such a strengthening of her economic, social and moral bases as would result in a normal increase of the native population, and a steady immigration of enterprising young people from Northern Europe, or of sturdy Spanish or Ligurian peasants. If the blood of the French nation should be Africanized or Asiaticized as the result of the war the country's eventual calamities from that source would be greater than those resulting from the destruction of her cities and the ravage of her fields.

LOS ANGELS CAL. TIMES
NOVEMBER 3, 1918

The Presidents.

IN THESE times when patriotism burns with unusual fervor in the hearts of the people, it is with feelings of deep rejoicing that an American looks back on the long line of statesmen and soldiers who served the nation as Presidents.

It is not too much to say that the United States has never had a President who disgraced his high office. There is no other nation that can say as much—no other nation on earth that can point to its line o rulers and not find one but many that wer unworthy and unfit to rule.

It may well be that all our President have been influenced and guided by th spirit of the first President, the immorta Washington, who was "first in war, first i peace and first in the hearts of his countr men." He was the father of our countr "Providence left him childless," said Joh Adams, "that his country might call hi father."

They were all great men, and many them were among the greatest of me They were not without criticism in the day—not even Washington escaped cri cism—but as we look back at them, th dead and the living, we see that they wer all worthy of the supreme honor of th office they filled.

The Presidency of the United States the highest office on earth. There is n throne that possesses the power vested i the Presidency, no crown that rivals i glory the simple occupancy of the Whit House.

Well may we rejoice in our great re public and well may we render our grat tude to the God of Nations who has guide our readers in the pathways of honor an righteousness.

Stay With It.

SEVERAL years ago a man spent a good deal of money growing a lemon orchard in California. When his grove came into bearing he found that there was no sale for lemons. He could not even give them away because nobody on earth seemed to want lemons for any purpose whatever.

The man was very much disgusted. He used to sit on his fence waiting for some one whom he could hate to come along so that he might trade him the lemon orchard for a lame mule or something like that. Finally, he succeeded in getting rid of the property at a fearful loss.

The very next year there was a bumper crop of lemons on the trees of that grove, and lemons brought unheard of prices. Suddenly everybody seemed to want lemons more than anything else in the world and they didn't care how high the price. They bought them, hand over fist. The man who was supposed to have been "stung" when he bought the despised orchard grew leg-weary toting money to the bank.

The moral is to stay with the game. This lemon orchard is only an instance to prove our contention. There will be bad years in every business, but that's no reason why we should quit what we are doing and rush into something else that seems to be paying big profits just at that time.

Let the hills far away be as green as they may, it will not be to our advantage to pull up stakes and go hiking. It is the man who sticks tenaciously to what he has, where he is, who wins out in the end.

WHITES TRY TO BREAK UP A REVIVAL

Chicago Defender
May 18 1918

Tacoma, Wash., May 17.—The feeling at Deep Creek, 25 miles out from Spokane, Wash., over the employment of Rev. Lee Hawkins has subsided to quite an extent, so far as tarring and feathering the "Black Billy Sunday," as he is termed by the daily papers in an effort to drive him from the community.

On Thursday morning, May 2, Attorney Gustave B. Aldrich of this city, who was sent for to brave the mob in behalf of the white flock of the evangelist, secured from Judge Hugo E. Oswald of the Superior Court an injunction restraining the five ringleaders of the mob from their violent interruptions of the preacher's sermons by stamping the floor and threatening to tar and feather him if he did not leave the community by April 20.

Request to Leave

It appeared on the hearing that Rev. Lee Hawkins, who is a man of our Race, was requested by the members of the white Baptist Church near Spokane at Deep Creek, to hold a revival for them. Rev. Hawkins belongs to a new sect known as the Pentecostal Assembly of God, incorporated under the laws of Missouri with headquarters at St. Louis. He has charge of the work in the Northwest as missionary to both whites and blacks. He is a powerful speaker, of forceful personality, and in course of his sermons succeeded in turning all of the active members of the Coulee Baptist Church at Deep Creek over to his new religion, together with all the Methodist families except about two. This aroused the wrath of the Methodist presiding elder and the Baptists, so the color issue was speedily raised. It transpired that at a meeting during January, during a ceremony known as giving the right hand of fellowship, a white Texan, who had recently married one of the members of Hawkins' flock, forbade his wife to approach the altar with her parents, who were also members, to shake the preacher's hand. She refused to heed the injunction of her husband and accompanied her parents to the altar. The Texan arose in his wrath and went front and kicked the Rev. Hawkins in the abdomen, breaking up the services. He was arrested and fined $10, which several white men offered to pay, and presented him with $25 for kicking the preacher. Livernash, the Texan, told the judge that this "niger held my wife's hand too long and squeezed it." Much sympathy was expressed for the young Texan, who claimed his wife was being misled by the "black man."

Kicked as He Tries to Buy Libert Bond

Later Hawkins went into a bank t buy a Liberty Bond and while doing so was approached from behind an kicked again by another of the opposition. A warrant was refused him and the two white preachers who went with him to the prosecuting attorney of Spokane, who advised him to get out. This emboldened the color-mad bunch and they proceeded to break up every service held by the white people who followed the preacher and to raise a rough house at each meeting. The people held their services privately in their own houses and were followed and fired upon by the white villains, demanding the preacher for tar and feathers. The sheriff of Spokane was asked to send a deputy to protect the worship in peace, but he told the white ministers who accompanied Hawkins that he would never protect a "nigger" against white people, started to hit the preacher in the mouth for talking back to him, saying, "I am from Alabama and will mash your teeth down your throat. Why don't you get out from among those white people, stirring up trouble? Jesus run when they did not want Him, and you are no follower of Jesus if you don't go. I will protect the white members of this congregation as soon as the get rid of this 'nigger preacher' an not before."

The people, getting no assistanc from the county officials in maintaining their worship in peace, decide to hire an attorney in the person Gustave B. Aldrich of Tacoma to brin the matter to an end.

Injunction Issued

Since the injunction was issued b the Supreme Court and served by tha same Alabama sheriff no trouble ha occurred, but deep muttering of wha is going to happen to Hawkins if h does not leave. In court they denie that they had intimidated Rev. Haw kins or his congregation, but allege that Hawkins slept at the homes white people and sat down at their pri vate tables, had the best room in their houses and was against the war and had separated families, and taken half of the white children out of high school and was trying to control the finances of Deep Creek farmers. The judge continued the case till May 20, with the injunction in force in the meantime. The Spokane city police took a hand by arresting Mr. Hawkins at the home of a prosperous farmer in the city, charging him with being in a house with "white girls. He was released as nothing could be proven. The girls were members of the family of this farmer, who himself placed Hawkins there in his city home for protection against the mob in the country. When he came home at night and learned of the police action he marched straightaway to the police station and told them in a few well chosen words that they might expect trouble on their own account if they ever entered his premises again and took out a guest, white or black. That the girls were his sisters and no police should smear their characters by such actions. The chief profusely apologized as the man evidently meant business. There are about 69 white persons in the new congregation formed by Rev. Lee Hawkins at Deep Creek, and not a Race man or woman present, all prosperous, well-to-do farmers. Also, the Methodist minister and the Baptist minister joined the new religion, so that the former Methodist and Baptist congregations have discontinued any services at all. Rev. Charles Douglas was the white Methodist preacher and the Rev. Frank Gray the white Baptist preacher who were converted to the new faith. They are ordained in it and acting as joint pastors until Rev. Hawkins finishes his work of organization. Then he will proceed to new fields. The members of the new congregation are determined at this present writing that Rev. Hawkins shall NOT BE FORCED TO LEAVE before his work is finished and deny that he has acted otherwise than as a gentleman in their families.

Judge Cook Denies Prejudice in Court Decision

The Chicago Defender

November 13, 1918.

Editor Chicago Defender: Dear Sir—The article published on page ten of the November 9th edition of the Chicago Defender entitled, "Judge Cook displays [illegible] prejudice in court decision" is not true. The alleged report of the court proceedings involving one Norval A. Wilburn and Mable Fauhl, is garbled, and contains comments and insinuations not born out by the actual trial of the cases.

The cases were tried by me in open court, fairly, squarely and impartially on the law and evidence, and my judgment of convictions and sentences were and are based upon proof which in my best judgment shows the guilt of the parties charged. I was not influenced and did not consider the color or race of either party involved. I did not call the defendant, Wilbur, a "coon."

Had your paper or reporter interviewed me before printing the article in question, the truth of what I am now saying in this letter would have been apparent, and I am sure you would then not have published the article in question. In justice to myself and yourself I call upon you to publish this of mine in its entirety.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) WELLS M. COOK,

DIVISION OF BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE RESEARCH

Amalgamation - 1918

VIEWS and REVIEWS

JAMES W. JOHNSON, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

New York Age - 6-29-18

"WHY SHOULD A NEGRO FIGHT?"

The above heading is the heading of an editorial in the Plainfield (N. J.) Courier-News of the 11th of this month. The Courier-News editorial was called forth by a letter written by some colored person to the editor asking reasons why the Negro should fight to protect the country. Two Age readers in Plainfield sent us the article and asked us to reply to it.

The letter which was sent to the editor of the Courier-News reads as follows:

Plainfield Courier:

Dear Sir: I am a buyer of your paper and I note in your column there are questions asked and answered. This is a question I should like you answer me. Why is it a Negro man should go to protect a country and public places when in it he can not even go in and drink a glass of ice cream soda nor even his female sex? E. R.

In the first place, this a very lightweight letter. The person writing it picked out the weakest argument that could possibly be found. Of course, the denial of the privilege of drinking ice cream soda in certain places on account of race or color is a phase of the denial of full citizenship and common democracy; but it is trivial to single it out as a reason why the Negro should not do his part in this great war. If the duty of the Negro to fight was really a question in the mind of the writer of the letter, it seems that he should have backed up his inquiry with such arguments as the lynching and burning alive of Negroes, without any effort on the part of authorities to punish the perpetrators of these crimes; the disfranchisement and "Jim Crowing" of the race, even of those who are bearing arms and wearing the uniform; the shutting out of Negroes from many of the fields of occupation; the criminally unfair division of the public school funds in many states; the absence of even handed justice in the courts of many of the states, and other arguments that would carry weight.

In the second place, the letter contained a needless request for information. Any Negro outside of an insane asylum can by ten minutes of thought on the matter arrive at reasons why the race must do its full part in this war, which will outweigh any doubts there may have been in his mind.

America is the American Negro's country. He has been here three hundred years; that is, about two hundred years longer than most of the white people. He is a citizen of this country, declared so by the Constitution. Many of the rights and privileges of citizenship are still denied him, but the plain course before him is to continue to perform all of the duties of citizenship while he continually presses his demands for all of the rights and privileges. Both efforts must go together; to perform the duties and not demand the rights would be pusillanimous; and to demand the rights and not perform the duties would be futile.

It is a fact that the Negro is denied his full rights as a citizen, and that a good many people in the country are determined that he shall never have them; then the task before the Negro is to force the accordance of those rights, and that he cannot do by refusing to perform the duties. In fact, the moment he ceases to perform the duties of citizenship he abdicates the right to claim the full rights of citizenship.

As regards the present war, the central idea behind Germany is force; if that idea wins, it will be worse for the American Negro and all the other groups belonging to submerged and oppressed peoples; so the American Negro should do all in his power to help defeat it.

Then, too, a German victory would mean the almost absolute destruction of France. France, the fountain of liberal ideas, the nation which more than any other in the world has freed itself from all kinds of prejudices, the nation which endeavors to practice as well as preach the brotherhood of man. The destruction of France would be the greatest blow to liberty that could now be dealt.

These are a few of the plain, logical reasons, based largely upon self interest; besides there are other and more altruistic reasons; we leave the purely sentimental reasons out of consideration.

So much for the letter written to the Courier-News; now for the editorial written in answer to the letter. Here is the first sentence from it:

A Negro should fight for this country because this nation freed him from the bonds of slavery.

Now if the editor of the Courier-News put up such an argument as that to a jackass he would get his brains kicked out. What was the slavery "from which this nation freed us?" It was the slavery into which this nation put us and held us for two hundred and fifty years. Can a man throw you into prison without cause in order to place you under a debt of gratitude to him for taking you out?

The editor of the Courier-News goes on to say:

The Negro who tries to put himself on the level with white men socially is an enemy of the Negro race. The greatest men of that race have condemned those who are always finding fault because they cannot obtain service in hotels, restaurants and ice cream parlors patronized by the whites. It is the duty of these dissatisfied Negroes to open restaurants and ice cream parlors of their own and endeavor to conduct them better than any white man conducts his place of business.

We do not know from what part of the country the editor of the Courier-News hails, but his definition of "social equality" sounds very much as though it was made in Alabama or Mississippi. There is no more social equality in drinking ice cream soda in a public place than there is in riding in the same subway car. And where does this editor get his information that the greatest men of the race have condemned those who found fault because hotel and other public accommodations were refused to colored people?

His suggestion that Negroes should have their own hotels, theatres and other public places is impracticable. It would be impossible for the Negro or any other group in this country to duplicate the machinery of civilization. If a colored man is passing through Denver or Salt Lake City, is he to go without food and lodging because there are not enough Negroes in either of those cities

MACON GA TELEGRAPH
JULY 29, 1918

Prosperity Spoils Some

From the Tampa Tribune.

A Jacksonville negro has written The Macon Telegraph a long letter the purport of which is that the editor of that paper "had better read the handwriting on the wall and cease writing about the race question, and fall in line with those who know that the solution of the race question will be 'equality' in every respect, pure and simple equality, and that day is coming fast."

Further on he says: "Wait until 1920 and we in the South will show you that we are going to vote and vote strong, and then for candidates only who respect Americanism in its full democracy. Some tell you that the Southern colored people do not want 'equality' as in the North; but they do want it and they are going to have it."

The writer of this letter is a puffed-up over-fatted trouble-maker for his race. He has another guess coming if he believes the doctrine he advocates.

Commenting somewhat fully on the letter, The Telegraph prints it in full with his name. We curtail the letter because of its length and withhold the name to avoid giving this crazy nigger publicity that might not result in what he is expecting.

The Telegraph sums up its remarks on the letter thus: "Sambo is the nabob of the South. This temporary condition, to be changed on return of the soldiers from the war, has puffed some negroes with a wild idea of their importance. Such negroes spoil all the financial blessings coming to them by their war prosperity, by cherishing ideas of political and social 'equality.'

"All the suffrage organizations North stand for the creed of this negro."

The Southern negro who listens to the ranting of any well-headed member of his own race along lines that even lean toward 'equality,' is preparing trouble for himself. For so sure as there is a God in heaven the white men of the South will keep their part of the white race free from Ethiopian blood. From Kentucky and Maryland to Florida and Texas such doctrine as that preached by the Jacksonville negro means ultimately the stake or a convenient limb for the man who attempts to put the theory [illegible]

Couple Forced to Flee State by Action of Intermarriage Law

Suffolk, Va., June 7.—The police are in search of Thomas E. Lilley, (white) of this city, and Miss Ida M. Wilkins, who were married here May 22 by Rev. Harrison H. Butler, (white). Everything went smooth until Lilley took his wife to live with him on one of the white residential streets, and the neighbors threw a fit, and a general storm of protest broke out. The police department was called and five policemen came to arrest the couple, but they had escaped.

Intermarriage of the black and white races is unlawful in Virginia and carries with it a penalty of from two to three years in prison for those who are guilty. However, Rev. Butler stated that he performed the ceremony at his home after midnight and thought the woman was white, as he knew Lilley was a white man. Lilley is said to have stated that he loved Miss Wilkins too much to request that she live with him unlawfully, and sought marriage as the avenue to comply with his wishes and desire. The horrors of the Virginia law were visited upon them and now they have been forced to come North to evade Sheriff Wagner who is armed with a warrant for their arrest. Rev. Butler was threatened with arrest for performing the ceremony.

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to maintain a hotel or a restaurant? But even if the Negro could duplicate all of the machinery of civilization in the country and live his life separate and apart, would it be wise to have him do it? We are now trying to cut the hyphen out of our body politic, would it be wise to deliberately create another?

It is curious to note the amount of ego that goes with the attitude of the editor of the Courier-News on this question. He sits writing his little article shaming Negroes for wanting to associate with white people, not imagining for a moment that there are colored people who not only would not seek him for a social equal, but who probably might refuse to accept him as one. If he should be stopping at the Van-Astor hotel, and a colored man came in to register, the first thought to crop up in his mind would be, "Here is a Negro who wants to get into a hotel where I, a white man, and other white men are stopping," not knowing that what the Negro wants is something to eat and a place to sleep and that he is willing to pay for the best he can afford.

This ego is characteristic of all white people who talk like the editor of the Courier-News. They feel, when a Negro protests against discrimination and "Jim Crowism" that he is trying to get away from his race and associate with white people. When a self-respecting Negro so protests, the thought of merely associating with white people is the farthest from his mind; he is contending for a common democratic right which all other citizens of the country have, that of being accommodated in public places when he is clean, orderly and is able and willing to pay the price; or he is protesting against being forced to accept inferior service for the price of the best service, and he is especially resenting the badge of inferiority which being "Jim Crowed" places upon him.

This article of the Courier-News runs on for the length of a column, nearly all of it being a diatribe against Negroes who are seeking "social equality," meaning those who object to being "Jim Crowed" and shut out of theatres and hotels and restaurants and other public places where orderly conduct and the price are the only requisites exacted from other citizens. So it is not worth the while to quote any more of it.

We wish to say that there are many sound and solid reasons why the Negro should fight for his country, aside from the reasons that are altruistic and sentimental; but the editor of the Courier-News in using up a column of his more or less valuable space in answering the letter of E. R. failed to strike upon a single one.

The letter written to the Courier-News was lightweight, but the editor's article in answer to it did not weigh as much as the letter. His article is entirely apart from the mark.

DRIFTWOOD

Chicago Defender 1-13-18

IT MIGHT SHOCK a goodly number of people who inhabit a certain portion of the western hemisphere to learn that many of the men and women who have made their mark in the various lines of endeavor, who have wrested fame and fortune out of the new world and who now stand or did stand in the public eye, have more or less of the so-called "tainted blood" running through their veins. 'Tis said that we, like women, cannot keep a secret, but like other libels we have proof to refute these charges. Do the other ninety and nine know, as we know, what congressman, senator, governor, capitalist, diplomat, railroad official and on through the whole gamut of things belong to our party? We think not.

Today the idol of the moving picture world hails from our camp, as does our greatest actress, a noted barrister, numerous heads of immensely wealthy concerns and hundreds of other distinguished men and women. We have not shouted these things from the housetops for many reasons, the first being, if this is—as claimed—a free country, one has the right to make the bed they are to lie upon without let or hindrance; the second, there was something financially to be gained by "passing," as money makes the mare go, the poor seize an opportunity to ride whenever possible; third, the man on top has a chance to give the under dog a lift without attracting unfavorable comment. Call this masquerading deceit if you will, but the end justifies the means.

Unlike the Mexicans, deceit is not one of our characteristics; on the contrary we are more than apt to slop over on the other side and, childlike, be too confiding. But we have learned by bitter experience that it doesn't pay to tell everything you know, especially when it's on yourself and you are not in too friendly a camp. As proof that prejudice is a horrible disease we have only to cite an instance where a young woman held for three years the position of head stenographer in one of the largest business concerns in Chicago, and when by chance her identity was known her employer called her to the office and apologetically said: "While I admit you're the best stenographer from every point of view in our office I am forced to let you go, as I could not have a *Colored girl* over our white girls." Absurd, unreasonable, idiotic; yes, but that is what we have had to meet. And we have met it by keeping mum.

That was in those yesterdays. Fortunately time changes many things, necessity often hastening the change. Today we are coming from our hiding, we are taking off our masks and facing the world as men and women who belong to a Race which has more than done its share towards making America what it is today. We come of a Race that makes good in war as well as in peace; a race that is forcing even the most unwilling to respect them; a Race that has come to realize that the white blood in their veins is more of a dishonor than the deepest black. And so it is becoming less and less necessary to "pass." Those of us who are efficient find plenty of opportunity to display our talents and the prejudiced employer finds himself almost alone in his narrowness and almost bankrupt if he persists in his ante bellum ways. Those who were too deeply dyed to cross the line are good fellows and the "driftwood" now coming home are as welcome as the flower in May in their father's household.

DISGUSTING

"Little Nigger Who Swept Out My Father's Stable;" the Foolish Virgins

Chicago Defender 1-27-18

In a large office located in the loop district there are employed among the other help a man of our Race whose texture of hair and skin enables him, under certain circumstances, to pass for white. This man is also married to a young woman whose complexion makes the same condition possible. On the South Side they reside and live and socialize as "Colored folks," accepting the courtesies and taking part in social events. During the day both man and wife are employed in white establishments as "whites."

So much for the prelude. Downtown also is a white man who has held a good position in the city government, but who lately has resigned to accept a still better one. He is known to most of our Race on the South Side and to a few he is well known as being one of the unprejudiced kind.

A week or so ago the white man and his wife were invited to go slumming with the other couple. Instead of the other couple staying on the North Side, he used poor judgment by coming over south and finally landing at the Royal Gardens.

The white man meets a young man of our Race with whom he has had several big business deals and brings him over to his table and introduces him to his wife and the "other couple." While he was standing there another fellow passes, sees the "other couple," knowing them well, also knowing the young man of the Race he raises his hat (very politely) and proceeds to the table. Now here is the rub. The white man knowing he had just introduced his Colored friend to his wife, wondered why the "other couple" did not call their friend over, and, as he told the Defender man, he was almost positive the "other couple" weren't white all the while. So the white fellow said to the "other couple": "Mr. ——, who is the young felow who just passed; you didn't introduce him?" The disgusting answer came, notwithstanding a man of his own Race was standing over the table: "Oh, he's a little nigger who used to sweep out my father's stable and take care of the horses down in Tennessee." And to think that the remark came from one who socializes with our own, the very best of the young womanhood and young manhood the Race can produce. It's worse than disgusting.

Chapter Two

Downtown there is a hotel which, on account of the war, has had much trouble in maintaining sufficient maids. Heretofore and even now the maids are white. There will always be whites in there now as long as the present management is in control. It was a chance of a lifetime for our women, BUT, a fine-looking woman was hired as housekeeper by the management after an argument with the proprietor, who claimed the temptations were too great, although he was willing to make any sort of a trial. The second day the housekeeper was there, she not knowing the owner, accepted his advances and retired behind closed doors. The owner reported to the manager. The woman, being hired by one of the clerks, did not know the manager, who wanted proof before flatly discharging the woman, he posing as a traveling salesman from New York had little trouble in duplicating the owner's trick. The sight of a $5 bill did the work. That night on her way out of the hotel, which is, by the way, on Michigan avenue, she was called to the clerk's desk and handed her discharge with the simple words, "Your service ends with this; you know the reason; it is unnecessary to explain." She wended her way home to her husband and friends, who hold her high in their estimation and she having no conscience parades up and down State street. This closes chapter two.

Chapter Three

On the South Side, in the Second Ward, is a fairly good hotel that caters to whites. The government work and fight order, coupled with the draft, has caused the management to hire girls as bellhops. Yet on the night watch men under the draft age are still working. A few weeks ago the night man answered the bell, having come on watch a little early. He rapped on the door and was greeted with a healthy "Come in." Here, to his surprise, was a white man lying in bed in night attire, and, seeing the door was opened by a man, yelled, "Get out, you black rascal! Where's all the girls?" The hotel management was told and several of the girls were shadowed. Not long ago the police were called to a case of a young woman who tried the suicide route, and, well, the weavers got the facts—the hotel, the discharge after being shadowed and the attempt to end life. 'Tis a funny world, but it would pay us a darn sight more if we would stick together, be more loyal to the Race and not so quick to sell what God gave us to retain as precious.

White Woman Kills Man She Admired for Years

Chicago Defender 1-27-18

St. Paul, Minn., June 28.—It was reported in the newspapers here last week that Louis Watson, who was shot and killed by Mrs. Nell Dugan (white), 1731 Princeton avenue, was not a prowler or burglar, but investigation has shown that he had social relations with Mrs. Dugan, and had corresponded with her. Watson was at one time the owner of a barber shop in that neighborhood and it is alleged that Mrs. Dugan expressed a fondness for him.

Mrs. Dugan is the wife of Lieutenant Irvine Dugan of the railroad engineering corps, stationed at Camp Terry, Ohio, a former Great Northern railway official. She has been released from custody of the local authorities. Many are of the opinion that Watson was murdered in cold blood. Five shots entered his body. When Watson's dead body was found in the residence the police were told that he entered the premises with the intent to burglarize.

Amalgamation — 1918

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF LEONARD MERRICK, SHORT STORY WRITER

MINNEAPOLIS MINN JOURNAL
SEPTEMBER 29 1918

Underrating His Ability, Englishman Lives Unknown in Paris Until World Reads His Works and Hails Him as Great

For several years the public has been reading the novels and short stories of Leonard Merrick but very little was known of the man himself because he had hidden himself away in Paris. Frank Harris, the author of this article, which is reprinted from Pearson's Magazine, took special pains to find Merrick and gave the world the results of his interview. He has been hailed by the critics of England as one of the greatest writers of prose at the present day.

By FRANK HARRIS.

SOME 10 years ago or more I began to notice the short stories by Leonard Merrick. The tales were all marked by a neatness of architecture, an ease of narration, a calculated crescendo of effect and often a sharp ironic ending that showed the master craftsman. I began to ask about the author. Who was Leonard Merrick? Where did he live?

I could find out little or nothing of importance; my curiosity was quickened; then I read a book of his which made a deep impression on me—"The Quaint Companion." It is the story of a Negro singer who marries a white woman and of their Negro child who becomes a writer of talent. It is a pathetic exposure of the horrors of race ostracism.

"Here is the man himself," I cried; "at length Merrick is doing his best, giving us his true measure. But why did he choose this story of a pariah? Had he any personal reason, any personal disability?"

I wrote to his publishers and was told Merrick was living in Versailles. A week or two later I drove out to Versailles one evening and after a long, tedious hunt found Merrick. He introduced me to his wife.

Slight, Wiry, Melancholy.

Merrick is a small handsome man, slight but wiry and healthy, with melancholy, dark brooding eyes, long straight nose and large black moustache; he must be 45 today. It is hard to make the reader see him because he has no marked peculiarities.

Merrick's manner was quiet, courteous, without affectation of any sort; his dress subdued and as conventional as his greeting and yet the very absence of selfconsciousness or pretense, the unaffected simplicity of the man made a very agreeable impression on me. I liked Merrick at first sight and hoped he would like me.

His wife, too, seemed to me charming and clever; I was not surprised to hear she was writing a play—but that's another story.

Merrick admitted quite simply he made very little by his pen. Later he told me that he did not believe "any man in London had found it more difficult to keep body and soul together by his pen than he had found it during at least 20 years."

Returns From Pen Small.

He lived in France he said, because living there was cheaper than in England, and yet he had learned little French. He did not attempt to hide his ignorance or make a virtue of it. He blamed himself for his negligent laziness. He would not be put upon a pedestal; he had no thought of guiding or steering humanity. He liked to write stories: "What else could I do?" he asked simply and now that he was better paid for his work he was fairly content; he hoped to get even a higher price as he went on.

I soon found out he had a much larger fund of experiences to draw on than most writers. Something I said about South Africa elicited a remark from him which showed he knew South Africa well. I began questioning him about his early life. He was born in London and destined for the bar, I found, but his father lost a great part of his fortune and Merrick had to face life early. He had the adventurous spirit. At the age of 18 he went to South Africa and got a job in Kimberley superintending the labors of the Kaffirs in the diamond mines. Some of his stories like "The Laurels and the Lady," show how he used these experiences.

He worked in a solicitor's office in Kimberley for nearly two years and in his leisure began to write. Finally at 21 he returned to England with the idea of writing or of going on the stage.

Earliest Work Autobiography.

One of his earliest novels, "The Position of Peggy," is, to a certain extent, autobiographical. The hero, Christopher Tatham, has a rich father who dies suddenly leaving him almost penniless. Christopher goes on the stage.

His weak struggles throw light on the author's character. Most of Merrick's personages are mere puppets of fortune. A little overpowered by the drive of life and press of circumstances, Merrick is inclined to attribute too much weight to surroundings and too little to individual initiative. Life seems to have frightened him.

He complained to me once he could not write stories to order; he had to wait till an idea came. He appeared rather to underrate the value and importance of his tales, and when I praised one of them, "Little Flower of the Wood," warmly, he smiled:

"I wish I could think it as good as all that," he said deprecatingly, and then showed an uncommon insight: "Surely each generation will do such work as that; it's only the extraordinary that has really a chance of surviving." Only the extraordinary; that's the heart of truth.

Shrinks From Praise.

In my time I have met all manner of artists and men of letters; politicians, too, and officers of the army and navy. I have never met anyone who had come out of the ruck and yet remained so unaffectedly modest as Leonard Merrick; never anyone who made such small claims on public attention and interest.

He seemed to shrink from praise as eagerly as other writers are inclined to demand it. The charm in him was that he was eager to give praise.

Either on that first visit or a little later I told him of Richard Middleton and his sad suicide, which had just taken place, and found a little to my surprise that he did not know Middleton's poetry or stories. I sent him some and he praised them enthusiastically, writing to me in this strain:

"I have read as far as the end of 'The Story of a Book.' Has anyone else written a ghost story in that key? To me it is quite new, and I fancy that no one but a writer of genius would have thought of it for a ghost story. I am sure no one but a consummate artist could have sustained it so wonderfully. 'A Romance of Youth' and 'The New Boy' are the greatest expression of childhood that I have ever read. I think they're perfect—they have everything. I wish I had known him. * * * I am feeling very tolerant towards the public today; I had never read Richard Middleton and I'm not the man to throw stones at anybody."

Must Wait for Idea.

My first visit to Merrick was followed by letters as much from my side as from his. In one of these I asked him to write for a paper I was editing. He replied:

"I suffer from the fact that I ought never to have been an author at all—lacking a private income—and that my output is so painfully small that I am ashamed to confess it. I know it sounds like a pose, but I can't write a short story, even very badly, until I get hold of an idea I like. Sometimes I have to wait two months for an idea though a commission is staring at me from the table. It is only because my literary agent always arranges with the English editor to wait for publication in America, where I am recently getting a great deal more, that I am able to make bread and cheese."

In another letter I asked him some questions so that I might do a pen portrait of him and he answered in this way:

About Himself—Nothing.

"I'll try to answer your questions but—if it doesn't sound a pose again—(pray believe I have no affectations; it is one of my two virtues!) I have politely declined to supply copy of this kind more than once. Not from modesty, oh no! because I found it so difficult to find anything to say.

"My favorite authors, I'm not sure about, but the three novels that have made the most lasting impression on me are 'Richard Feverel,' George Moore's 'A Mummer's Wife,' and Mallock's 'A Romance of the Nineteenth Century.' I'm sorry not to be able to cite any French works, but, although the American reviewers are complimenting me on my 'attentive study' of French literature—'some of my earlier dint of sincerity. There is no more sincere writer; he is without pose or pretense of any kind. I asked him one day what he thought of "Love's Pilgrimage," by Upton Sinclair, which had just appeared. I admire "The Jungle" infinitely and had said so, but I did not like the later book. Merrick replied:

"I'd rather not say anything about 'Love's Pilgrimage,' of Upton Sinclair. I told you I didn't like it when you asked me pointblank, but I am not a professional critic—I don't pretend I'm a critic at all—and I don't think it's cricket for a mere novelist to say publicly he dislikes another man's novel.'"

Merrick shrinks from doing anything which could make another writer's career more difficult.

Quits Novel for Short Story.

I pressed Merrick to write another "Quaint Companions," but he would not.

"I am not keen," he wrote, "on starting another novel—at all events yet awhile. A novel takes me an eternity to write. * * * I seldom manage to sell serial rights and the publisher's statement always concludes 'Amounts overpaid'—I am going to stick to short stories; they pay better, and I find them much more fascinating, too. One can attempt all sorts of experiments in form with the short story and one never need pad by so much as a syllable. You can't say that about a novel? I don't believe there was ever a novel written that wasn't padded—it doesn't require 60,000 words to tell any story adequately and after one has been writing contes (forgive this obvious attempt to avoid tautology!) for some years on end, it is even more difficult to pad out chapters than it was before."

As our friendship deepened I found Merrick a very interesting and pleasant personality. The facetting of his intelligence became clear to me in his criticism and most clearly perhaps in his detached judgments of the English and their characteristics. Again and again in "The Quaint Companions" he shows his aloofness from the English point of view; the bullying in English schools disgusts him.

Feels Ban Upon Race.

The Negro father talks to his writer son like this:

"Truth? Who the devil wants truth?" replied the nigger. "People hate the truth, especially English people; there's nothing they detest so much. * * * If you want to do lyrics, you must write about love, or the valor of Englishmen. Nothing else is any use."

And again in his own person Merrick exposes another English shortcoming:

"The tuition—as in every English art school—tended to crush the instinctive feeling of the students." And finally: "I can't realize England at large ever ranking any writer as high as—well, as high as lots of things. I think the average Englishman's view of the career of a poet is that it is silly and unmanly. Even a novelist is respected more (or not smiled at so much) and the 'novel reading young lady' is still a term of contempt. I think, myself, the only art the English public take at all seriously is painting, because they have always heard of huge sums of money being paid for pictures and because painters are made R. As. (Royal Academicians)."

About His Best Story.

From the point of view of the artist, however, Merrick as been lucky just where he thinks himself unfortunate. His being born a Jew gave him the detachment from English insularity which degrades the later work of a man like H. G. Wells. It was also a happy chance that drove him to South Africa in his teens and forced him to earn his living as best he could in the mining camp of Kimberley. Poverty teaches us real life and the sting of poverty in Merrick's case was intensified by the sense that he was an outsider and pariah. He thus reached the fairness of vision and command of pathos one finds everywhere in his writings. Bohemia became his native country and his best stories deal with life in that

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fascinating and picturesque land.

One of his best short stories in my opinion is "The Little Flower of the Wood." The story is told by Janiaud, and old absinthe drinker, who sips his glass of green poison and dreamily tells the tale of the shabby little restaurant known as the Loup Blanc and its surprising prosperity. Years before, the restaurant had been on the verge of failure. But one night the reigning dancer of the moment, known as "The Little Flower of the Wood," took it into her pretty head to forsake the glittering restaurants of the boulevards and the Bois and dine at the Loup Blanc. She went accompanied by a train of admirers, fell in love with the place and made the restaurant popular.

Little Flower of Wood.

Two years pass. Little Flower of the Wood is no longer the reigning queen. Her health is shattered, her purse depleted, the warm sun of the Riviera even can do no more for her. She returns to Paris to die. One night she finds her way up the hill of Montmartre to the Loup Blanc. No one recognizes in the broken and shabbily dressed woman at a table in the shadow, the Parisian stage idol of other days. She cannot afford to pay for the supper prescribed by the rules of the house, and the waiters are about to eject her when she tells the proprietor who she is, and he gallantly invites her to stay as his guest. The final touch is characteristic. One of the listeners asks where Little Flower of the Wood is living.

The poet shrugged his shoulders. "Is there no satisfying you? You asked me for the history of the Loup Blanc, and there are things that even I do not know; however, I have done my best. I cannot say where the lady is living, but I can tell you where she was born." He pointed with a drunken laugh to his glass. "There!"

This is a superb short story admirably told; the pathos is saved from being almost too painful by the doubt cast upon the truth of the tale in the last words.

"The Bishop's Comedy."

Another short story of Merrick's I am not likely to forget is "The Bishop's Comedy," were it only for the fact that the bishop is so admirably realized in half a dozen sentences:

"He never said anything noteworthy, but he voiced the setiments of the unthinking in stately language. This made him generally admired. It is not to be inferred that he was insincere—he had been granted a popular mind; he shared with the majority a strong aversion from disagreeable truths. His widest reflections were bounded by the word 'Unpleasant,' and every truth that was unpleasant was to the bishop of Westborough 'one of those things that are better left undiscussed.' He had a warm affection for this phrase, which occurred in all his articles for the cultured reviews. It was a phrase that suggested much earnestness of thought while it spared him the exertion of thinking at all."

The story itself is too far fetched to be credible, but in the same volume there are two more short stories, "A Very Good Thing for the Girl," and "The Woman Who Wished to Die," that are really interesting without being masterpieces.

Merrick's Popularity.

Now, everyone seems to believe Merrick is a master. Most of the better known English writers have, indeed, conspired, so to speak, to assert it. A uniform edition of Merrick is being got out by Stoddard & Houghton. Barrie has written an introduction to "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." Sir W. Robertson Nicoll has written another to "When Love Flies Out o' the Window"; Locke, "The Man Who Understands Women," and W. D. Howells, "The Actor Manager." Chesterton, too, and Maurice Howlett, Pinero and Granville Barker have all been roped in. If Merrick suffered long from unmerited neglect it must now be admitted his peers have done their best to atone for stuff being obviously modeled upon certain French masters'—my knowledge of French literature and of the French language is discomfitingly slight and extremely recent.

"I like verse better than prose—when I like it at all, but I can't stick it in large quantities. I like fragments better than the acclaimed masterpieces. (And I like music better than verse.) I like Browning's 'Any Wife to Any Husband' better than any of his long poems, and—I'm sorry to shock you—I like his wife's 'Aurora Leigh' better than Browning as a whole. * * * You must not take me to mean I would give the 'whole' of Browning's work for one poem of his wife's! I mean my pleasure in 'Aurora Leigh,' when I read it, had been sustained throughout, but my (greater) pleasure in Browning was not continuous."

Declines to Criticize.

I quote this criticism because it is first rate. Poetry is not meant to be read in large quantities; a poem, to speak flippantly, should be "Sarah Jane's top note," a deep or high emotion clothing itself inevitably in music—Heine's lyrics, or Goethe's, or Shakespeare's. I do not esteem "Aurora Leigh" as highly as Merrick; but I certainly found it easier to read than "The Ring and the Book."

Merrick's criticism is excellent by the adder ears of the public. Mr. Howells asks indignantly:

"Why is not this masterly novelist a master universally recognized and accepted?" And Sir W. Robertson Nicoll declares—"Leonard Merrick will come to his own at last and be recognized for what he is—the greatest master of narrative now living!"

No one surely could want more than this. W. D. Howells is supposed to know a master when he meets him and Sir W. Robertson Nicoll should know what good narrative is for he has eulogized poor, secondrate narrative for at least two generations.

Called Greatest Living.

The pompous extravagances of the Nicolls should not mislead one, or worse still, drive one into opposition. To talk about 'the greatest master of narrative now living," forces comparison with Sudermann and Tchekov, Gorky and Artzibatchef, with Anatole France and Maeterlinck, with D'Annunzio and Galdos, to say nothing of Wells and Hewlett. It damages Merrick to be eulogized in this way and he would be among the first to deplore the vapid praise of titled mediocrity.

Where, then, is Merrick's true place in letters? He has been compared to O. Henry, and O. Henry is perhaps the nearest to him both in gifts and in limitations, for both are essentially short story writers. He seems to me as good a writer as O. Henry, but he has not felt so deeply; the experiences of life have not affected him so profoundly. O. Henry's finest stories are better than Merrick's. O. Henry, I think, is in the first rank; his best work is as good as Kipling at his best or as Wells at his best.

"Men Who Don't Count."

One passage I always find curiously characteristic of Merrick. It occurs in the short story "The Fatal Florozonde" and is ascribed to the poet De Fronsac, who here stands, I am sure, for Merrick himself:

One passage I always find curiously:

"There are three kinds of men," explained the poet. "Class A are the men to whom women inevitably surrender. Class B consists of those whom they trust by instinct and confide in on the second day; these men acquire an extensive knowledge of the sex—but they always fall short of winning the women for themselves. Class C women think of merely as the others—they do not count."

This is soul revealing I cannot but think. Men who are timid and self-doubters for one reason or another usually believe that your bold, good looking Bel Ami can win any woman he chooses; "women inevitably surrender" to him. But the bold Greathearts know this is not true, that there are women whom their very selfassurance repels, women whom they can never take by assault.

No Belief in Progress.

So plain women are apt to believe the pretty girl can win any man she sets her cap at, but your pretty girl knows better; knows the very man she most wanted never surrendered to her challenge. Love is much more complex than Merrick imagines and Don Juan himself learns of failure more than once in life. Class B, too, and Class C are all too absolute; in fine no one seeks to group men in their relations with the other sex who knows much about the matter. The mere effort shows as clearly as possible that Merrick is what the French call "a timid man," one whom life has daunted or overpowered, and this fact holds the secret of his recommand of pathos and intense creative sympathy with the outcasts and failures of our civilization.

I am glad to think Merrick's writings are now bringing him in a fair income, enough at any rate to satisfy his wants. Poverty has not injured him and I am certain money will never render him hard or vainglorious or proud. He has no deep belief in progress, sees no evidence of a moral purpose in life; yet he has much kindness in him and great charm and affectionate companionship.

Was Negro Gardener for Dead Woman, Heirs Answer.

Says He's White Man; Tells of Romance Long Ago.

LOS ANGELS CAL TIMES
OCTOBER 16, 1918

One of the most remarkable contests in local probate records was precipitated in Judge Rives's court yesterday when the heirs to the estate of Henrietta Clemens, a wealthy woman who died here September 25, last, cited into court John Guyot and sought to obtain from him diamonds and mortgages belonging to the estate.

Relatives of the dead woman set out, through their attorney, Alfred E. Dennis, that Mr. Guyot is a negro formerly employed by Henrietta Clemens as a gardener at her home, No. 203 West Fifty-first street. Mr. Guyot countered with the declaration that not only is he not a negro but that he was legally married to Henrietta Clemens a quarter of a century ago and is therefore legal heir to the estate. This marriage Mr. Dennis stoutly denies.

The deceased was a white woman. Mr. Guyot, through his attorney, Hugh Macbeth, a colored member of the bar, claims to be of French and Spanish extraction.

Attorney Macbeth stated that his client was the lawful husband of the deceased and that he would produce proofs of his white lineage. Judge Rives continued the case until November 18 for a hearing.

Two petitions for letters of administration are before the court. One was filed by David L. Craig, husband of one of Henrietta Clemens's sisters, who declares that the deceased was a single woman. He asked that Mr. Guyot be prevented from disposing of the diamonds and mortgages in his possession and said to be worth $10,000. The other petition was filed by Mr. Guyot, who claims that the estate needs some one to look after it.

Attorney Macbeth states that Mr. Guyot was born in New Orleans, of French and Spanish blood, and went to Pennsylvania and invested in oil lands, accumulating a fortune. At a big fair in New York, twenty-five years ago, it is alleged that he met Henrietta Clemens, then a beautiful young girl, and that the acquaintance culminated in marriage in Altoona, where both resided.

Henrietta Clemens's sisters, Annie M. Newton, Emma A. Craig and Jane E. Hampel assert, according to Attorney Dennis, that they never heard of the marriage of their sister to Mr. Guyot. Mr. Macbeth explains this by saying that Mrs. Guyot was estranged from her sisters.

Mr. Dennis states that it was only last year that Henrietta assumed the name of Guyot.

"When her sisters called on her, she never told them she was married. We claim that Mr. Guyot is a colored man," he stated.

WOULD NOT STOP BLACK AND WHITE INTERMARRIAGE

GARY IND TRIBUNE
OCTOBER 16, 1918

The names by Judge McCurdy at the People's Forum at the First Methodist church last night and the discussion following were both interesting. The subject of the address was "The Negro in America."

The treatment of the Negro should not be as a class, but as individuals, he declared. They should be accorded full rights of citizenship. Any treatment less than that will tend to lower them in their own estimation, and that is fatal to character and happiness.

Judge McCurdy thinks laws against the intermarriage of whites and blacks are unwise. "You cannot harness the love bug," he said. "The effect of such legislation is that when white and black love each other they will live in illicit relation. It does not actually stop such marriages."

Nevertheless, he said the best sentiment of the leaders in Negro uplight, be those leaders white or black, is not in favor of mixed marriages. It should be handled by moral suasion rather than by law.

The judge was distinctly against segregation in cities by law. Such action again will tend to lower the Negroes in their own estimation, and should not be tolerated. But just as the leaders of both races felt that mixed marriages were not wise even though there should be no law against them, so voluntary segregation was often wise. The judge would not favor in Gary, or anywhere else, segregating the Negro by any kind of force, but he seemed to think that where a section could be laid out in which were located the uplift agencies and socanl opportunities meant particularly for the Negro, it would be a desirable plan. Others who had given years to the work among Negroes most heartily approved such a plan, though they, too, would oppose any forced segregation.

Interesting conversations were had with Judge McCurdy after the address and discussion. Hearty approval was expressed of the efforts of the city administration to disarm the "gun toters" of all races, as the best preventative of a reproduction here of the East St. Louis riot and barbarities.

WHITE SOUTHERN GIRL TO MARRY COLORED SOLDIER

The Advocate May 11, 1918

LONG ISLAND, May 4. — John Moody, a member of the Camp Upton draft contingent, obtained a license last week to marry Matilda Epperson, a white girl of New Kent, Va. Moody gave his address as New Kent, and said his prospective bride was coming from that place to marry him, but declined to give the time or place of the ceremony.

Amalgamation – 1918

Rev. C. E. Branch Writes on Conditions in Beaumont

The Houston Observer
May 11, 1918.

Galveston, Texas, May 4, 1918

Editor The Observer,
Houston, Texas.

Dear Sir:—

I am just home from a few days stay in Beaumont, Texas. There I gave the race question special attention. From investigation Houston is a heaven to Beaumont relative to treatment of the Negro by the city policemen. These peace officers beat race men and women up when they get ready. On or about December, 1917, a policeman shot a Negro in the back there, because the Negro was talking to his Negro woman, and I was told this peace officer was not arrested. So you see our men are killed by white men not only about white women, but Negro women also. I have taken this matter up with the mayor of Beaumont, up to date he has not replied. I am told the big race men of Beaumont (if Beaumont has any) do not take these matters up, because they are afraid to do so.

When a town becomes so bad or dangerous that justice and right cannot get a hearing, and men of our race are afraid to do right, and contend for protection under the law, it is then time to die, for one cause!

I told the mayor to take the matter up with the Chamber of Commerce, so he could get some help, to protect our race. I told him, if for any reason he could not protect the race, my company would make loans to all who wanted to leave Beaumont for the North. The International Relief Co. is in unity with the Judge Lynch International Book and Publication Co. One is to protect and help the Negro, and the other is to publish the facts and injustice done the Negro. The two concerns are under one management, a membership in one, would give a benefit to the other. We want more members. We want some good speakers. We want some good lawyers in this company. Membership $1.00.

I am respectfully.

E. C. BRANCH, President.

The Louisville News
April 20, 1918.

A VERY INTERESTING ARTICLE—"THE COLORED PEOPLE."

Louisville News
April 20, 18.

By John D. Barry in the Washington Herald.

A peculiarly interesting article is the following by John D. Barry. Mr. Barry writes for a number of papers, from Washington. His heading in the Washington Herald is "Walks and Talks With John D. Barry." The article reprinted here is entitled, "The Colored People," and is very interesting and we are sure our readers will enjoy reading it and thinking it over. —Editor.

A great American woman who lived more than a hundred years ago and who is now a distinguished figure in history, had a son.

As the son grew into manhood he became interested in a beautiful girl who was colored, one of his mother's maids. She bore him a child. His mother did what she could to give the girl protection.

In a great American city, famed for its enlightenment, there lives a woman with a dark beauty that often causes her to be taken for an Italian. If she did not prefer to be known for what she is she would pass for a white woman. She is a direct descendant of that great American lady by way of that son and the colored maid, and she is very accomplished and she does a great deal for her race.

Some time ago this woman was traveling in a Pullman, in a State where it was illegal for anyone with colored blood to travel in a Pullman.

Among the passengers there were two women who knew the woman by sight and knew all about her. They told the conductor she should be put out.

The conductor approached the woman and quietly asked her to leave.

She replied in Italian: "I don't understand."

The conductor let the matter drop. He knew how expensive it might be if he were to make the mistake of treating a white person as colored.

The woman had long been prepared for this kind of emergency.

A few weeks ago a rich man came to Washington and looked about for a house where he could live with his family. He couldn't find what he wanted. Then he conceived a daring idea.

He consulted with a friend about it.

"Do you suppose it would create an uproar if I were to take a couple of houses now occupied by Negroes and break doors in the walls that separate them and make them over into a place where we could live."

The friend was a man who admired courage in other people. He said he thought the experiment would be very interesting and he doubted if the social damage would be serious.

Those two houses are now being turned into a quaint and an attractive mansion. Washington has not been greatly upset and attention has not been perceptibly diverted from the war.

I met two English people here the other day, husband and wife. They had never been in the United States before this visit. Their travels in the South had made them greatly interested in the Negroes. They had heard of the American prejudice; but they had not realized it until they met it, so to speak, face to face. They felt no prejudice whatsoever themselves. On the contrary, they were interested in the Negroes as human types new to their experience.

It was amusing and refreshing to hear them go on, "Why, we think the Negroes are delightful," said the wife, and the husband chimed in: "We were astonished to find so many Negro soldiers. They told us down there that the Negroes made excellent fighters. If they were going to help to make the world safe for democracy I should think they might be interested to know what they were going to get out of it for themselves. Will the war make democracy safer for the Negroes?" They spoke of the horror they felt when they heard the terrible stories about lynchings and burnings.

Some of these scenes seem to be worked up for the sake of providing a Roman holiday," said the husband. "They told me about cases where the men were held till word could be sent to the country round and people had time to come by train. Fine situation. I don't wonder the Germans are using it as an argument against the spread of American influence."

One of the saddest features about the prejudice against the Negroes is that it extends to themselves. But this kind of contradiction is to be found among all the peoples that suffer from prejudice. When a Negro wants to be particularly hateful to another Negro he calls him "a dirty Nigger," or use some worse expression meaning virtually the same thing.

Perhaps there really isn't a contradiction here. Prejudice is a convenient weapon and there is a pitiful weakness among human beings for using weapons on one another, any weapons.

There are Negroes who, like the woman I have referred to, could pass for white. Some of them do. They go over the line. They turn their backs on their own race. One can hardly blame them. It must take a great deal of courage to bear that burden of prejudice when the burden can be escaped. And then there is the argument that they are not really colored, that they are virtutally white.

I imagine there are few so courageous as that woman who scorns deceit except when it protects her from discrimination that involves both inconvenience and shame, and who finds her life richer because of her loyalty to the Colored race and whose exceptional gifts enaable her to make friends among both races.

In an American city where there are many colored people the social distinctions are said to be very marked among them, based mainly on shades of color and associated, curiously enough, with religion. One church is attended almost wholly by those who are nearly white. Another church draws those who are a few shades darker. Still another church is favored by the frankly black.

It is easy to smile at this kind of discrimination. But it finds parallels in all our life. just as absurd.

WHITE GIRL TRIED TO MARRY A NEGRO

YOUNGSTOWN O. VINDICATOR
JULY 29, 1918

Strange Couple Came from Cleveland and Attempted to Obtain License.

Ethel [illegible]rter, a pretty 16 year old white girl, was arrested on a suspicion charge late Saturday by Patrolman Ryan, and turned over to local police authorities for investigation. When arrested the girl was in the company of a colored man and later at police station declared she had come from Cleveland with him to marry him.

The couple had been to the court house Saturday afternoon and tried to obtain a license but were unable to do so because the office was closed. Local police officials endeavored to show the girl the folly of marrying a colored man, but without avail and the couple were finally escorted to the Erie depot and placed aboard a train for that city.

Chicago Defender

Woman Kills Burglar

Minneapolis, Minn., June 28.—Roused from her sleep by a noise down stairs, Mrs. Nellie Regan (white), 1731 Princeton avenue, crept down the stairs and fired into the dining room, killing John Watson, who was in the act of robbing the house.

DIVISION OF BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE RESEARCH

SAYS MURDERED EX-HAYTIAN MINISTER WAS HER FATHER

The New York News
10/13/18

HARLEM WOMAN CLAIMS SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIAN FROM BRIDGEPORT WAS STABBED TO DEATH BY A PATIENT

Yvone Thompson Avers Alleged Father Married White Lady With Two Children After Marriage to Her Mother—Mystery Shrouds Tragedy

New York, Oct. 15.—That Dr. John W. Thompson, the ex-Haytian minister, who was reported murdered was colored and that after his marriage to a colored lady, he later married a white lady with two sons, who are now in the U. S. Army, is the startling story alleged in the following communication:

To the Editor of The New York News:

Dr. John E. W. Thompson, former U. S. Minister to Hayti, under President Cleveland, who was stabbed to death by a patient in Bridgeport, Conn., last Sunday, was buried in Mt. Olive Cemetery Friday afternoon.

He is survived by two children, Read E. Thompson, of Stamford, Conn., and Yvonne C. Thompson (address above) by his first wife, the late Elizabeth McGlynn Thompson, of New Haven, a second wife, and two stepsons (white), and oblige his daughter.

YVONNE C. THOMPSON.

Address above, Apt. 4.
39 West 135th street.
October 12th, 1918.

Bridgeport, N. Y., Oct. 15.—Dr. John E. W. Thompson, formerly of New York City, was killed October 7. He was a physician of note and much admired by his many friends.

Dr. Thompson was 57 years of age and was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. He attended the schools in that city. After his graduation he spent several years in France, where he continued his studies.

He was appointed United States Minister to Haiti in 1886 and served in that caapcity during a period of six years. He held that official position during the uprising, which resulted in the rise of Gen. Legitime to power. He returned to the United States in 1892. Soon after he returned to his New York home he was appointed to a place with the Department of Health in New York City. He served the city twelve years.

About five years ago he came to Bridgeport and opened offices in Main street.

Besides his widow, the dead man is survived by two sons, both of whom are now serving in the United States Army. Lieut. Ernest Thompson is at present stationed at Kelly Field, Tex., and Private Elliott Thompson, Fort Ereble.

Up in Hempstead, N. Y., the town clerk refused to grant a marriage license to a colored woman and a white man. The couple had completed their arrangements and the wedding party was in waiting. The town clerk admitted that there were no legal grounds for with-holding the license, but remarked that his action was morally justified. Here we have it as plain as day. The only real reason for a Negro Problem is that the white man feels that he is obliged to rule and regulate the affairs of the Negro, and when it cannot be done under the law, then the sanction of morals or something equally shallow is invoked.

Detectives Seek to Separate Races; Jail Mixed Couples While Whites Go Free

Chicago Defender.
9-27-18

Forty policemen with drawn guns ran riot in their endeavor to raid the Pekin dance, 2700 State street, last Sunday morning at 2 o'clock. This aggregation of sleuths, led by Hugh McCarthy (white), chief of the moral squad, locked up ninety-five women and men; kept them in dirty and filthy police cells from the time of the arrest until Monday afternoon. This spectacular frontier operation is said to have originated in the acute brain of the moral squad, giving as their reasons; or at least they were so quoted in one of the daily papers that they were in search of thieves, auto-bandits and hold-up men. Strange, however, to notice out of this vast number, not one thief, auto-bandit nor hold-up man was discovered.

Another thing significantly strange about the entire police operation Sunday morning was that they raided Fountain Inn, 6321 S. Halsted street, Canary Cottage, 3841 Cottage Grove avenue, and numerous other places but did not see fit to bring any of the inmates to the Moral court save those arrested in the Pekin. The intent is plainly evident. They desired to place the stigma upon the Pekin dance as being immoral because it lives up to the spirit of the constitution, and refuses to draw a line on its patrons save that line which is governed by respectability.

Police Use Offensive Language

This high-handed police method was further accentuated by their brutal conduct and their utter disregard of the presence of women. It is alleged that Hugh McCarthy in addressing a group of white people who were sightseers from the North Side used the following terms: "Where are you from?" The reply came, "We are from the North Side." "Well, I am going to let you go, now get out of here and don't ever let me catch you here in this Nigger place again."

On what "meat" doth the police of Chicago feed that they have power delegated to them to disregard the constitution and declare certain zones for certain people to visit. Is this a police ruled city? Are ignorant and brutal methods to be exercised through a few ignorant coppers, who consider the only virtue in being a policeman is in disregarding the peoples' rights? Or has it come to pass as in Russia that the "Yellow Ticket" must be given to every women of our Race who happens to visit a place owned and managed by her own people? But, ah, here is their defense for raiding such a place: "There were prostitutes present," asserted one of the officers. For the sake of argument suppose we grant that there were some women of ill repute present. Does this justify the hauling in of over fifteen wagon loads of women and girls of good reputation, because as they say there were some women of ill repute in the crowd, and keeping them incarcerated in filthy police barracks for forty-eight hours without food or water? The Chicago police method shows a close kindredship to the operations which featured the "Black Hole of Calcutta" in ancient history. Nothing on the police budgets demonstrates such a miscarriage of justice as the Sunday morning raid.

Citizens' Rights Violated

It is said by those in authority that the activity upon the part of the police department is not interfered with by the mayor. It is asserted that they are controlled absolutely by the chief without advice or admonition from "His Honor." If these gentlemen who sit in high council have any regard for the successful termination of the political abitions of the mayor, it would stand them in hand to advise the mayor to pay just a passing notice to the sensual, intemperate brutality of that department who are paid by the public to guard their interests instead of robbing them of civil rights. Judging from the Sunday morning's actions the policemen have an understanding among themselves that the tax payers have no rights that they are bound to respect. They seem to be especially innoculated with the idea that no man or woman of our Race has sufficient standing to guarantee them respectable treatment. This was evidenced by the violent and abusive language they used in the presence of women, and the frequency with which the leader, Hugh McCarthy, referred to the Pekin as a "Nigger place."

McCarthy must bear in mind that he is not the entire police department, and he may not be holding his job "until death do us part." The suffrage of the people empowers mayors to appoint the chief of police, and fortunate about this suffrage, this grant or lease of power can be given to another at the proper time for the people to make the change in government brought about by their constitutional authority.

It was argued that the government was interested in the Sunday morning procedure. Upon a careful investigation it was discovered that no instructions were given for it, no request had been made, and no slackers were found. That precludes the defense from being made that this was a government order.

Chief Makes Statement

Chief Alcock is quoted as having said: "We got no complaints from the government. Not long ago I wrote a letter to the mayor which was transmitted to the city council concerning these dry cabarets. They ran along unlicensed, and since the abolition of the regular cabaret they have gone wild. We are after the South Side because that district down there is pretty bad, and we don't intend to stand for it." We would like to call the attention of Chief Alcock to the fact that Chicago has thirty-five wards, and that if he would turn his scrutinizing glasses in certain other directions, he may find them "getting pretty bad" over on the West Side and up on the North Side, but, of course, they are not in zones habitated by our people. His police optics seem to lose their discerning power when focused in any other direction save down in the Second ward, and why? Because the police methods in this particular zone, with few exceptions, are dictated by the prejudices rather than by the judgment of the commanding officer.

They charge that drinks were being sold at the Pekin Sunday morning. This was an unqualified misstatement of facts without one scintilla of truth to sustain this infamous slander, but it was uttered to justify and shield the actions of these minions of the law. This conduct savors not of American democracy, but rather more of the German kultur, bearing a close relation to the thing against which we have sent thousands of our boys to brave the shot and shells over the sea that it might be banished. How strange in police circles when a white party visits an institution of our Race it is stamped as disorderly. Do they stamp as disorderly the coming of those thousands of white and black soldiers who are giving their lives that democracy might be preserved, and these fellows remain here at home to mistreat their kindred?

The Sunday morning action demonstrates the fact that a grant of power should be cautiously given to ignorant, prejudiced policemen who see in their star justification to vent their spleen upon the rights of citizens.

No Harm Done; Ask Dad, He Knows

The Cleveland Advocate
11/23/18

BEAVER FALLS, Pa., Nov. 20.—Yesterday afternoon Chief of Police White arrested George Murphy, Colored, in a basement at 9th avenue and 4th street. Reports had come to the chief that the man, who came here some time ago from Birmingham, Ala., had been offering money to little white girls to permit him to kiss them. The chief promptly made an investigation, and on entering the basement found the Negro there, apparently alone.

"Where are the little girls?" the chief asked.

"There are none here," Murphy answered. "They have gone upstairs."

Just then the chief saw one little girl behind the door, and with some further prodding a second little girl, each about eight years of age, was found.

The children admitted when questioned that the Negro had taken them to his place, and had given them money to kiss them.

The chief took Murphy to the lockup, and in the evening the father of one of the children, a Magyar, came to the police station, and said that it was all right, that Murphy lived with him and frequently gave his daughter a nickel or a dime to let him kiss her, and that he approved of it. Chief White ordered the Magyar to compel Murphy to move and soundly lectured him.

DIVISION OF BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE RESEARCH REEL 7

Amalgamation – 1918

"SOCIAL EQUALITY" IS A STUFFED DUMMY

Southwestern Christian Advocate

An Editorial in the Epworth Herald

Every time a decent measure of justice for the Negro is proposed, somebody from down below what O. Henry called "Mason and Hamlin's Line" arises, strikes an attitude, and declases that, whatever befall, never, no never, will we stand for giving social equality to the Negro.

To which the proper answer is "Pish, tush—and flapdoodle!"

What the protesters mean by "Social Equality" is a stuffed dummy.

There are more social lines drawn among the Negroes of Chicago's Second Ward than among the total population of Grand Forks, N. D.

Counting the Negro out altogether, which would call for no new technique, a map of New Orleans or Boston society would still look like a Scotch plaid broken out with the hives.

First Church, Cleveland, and McKendree Church, Nashville, have social stratifications as real as those which in New York differentiate the Newport set from the Atlantic City set.

All the time there is real social equality in all these places and in all these groups. That is, equality in the rights which belong to humans; equality in the opportunities which are the blood-right of God's children; equality in the immunities which protect all sorts and conditions of men.

But the "think-of-your-daughter's-marrying-a-Negro" talk has nothing to do with genu. social equality. It advertises nothing but a stuffed scarecrow.

Nobody's daughter is going to marry a Negro just because the Negro is going to get social and political and religious justice. And nobody *thinks* she is!

Social diversity is so comomn that none of us makes anything of it. Sometimes it is artificially stressed, when it becomes wholly bad; but it is always with us, in the Church as well as outside.

And if the Negro were given, at this late day, all the rights and privileges which in law and equity are his, there is plenty of proof that he would continue, as before, to prefer the society of Negroes to that of Caucasians. He would have his own Churches, his own preachers and leaders of every sort. His young people would fall in love among themselves, and marry among themselves, just as they do now. He would be just as much a Negro, and just as conscious of the fact, as he is to-day.

But he would be more self-respectingly proud of it, and that would be an unmixed blessing both to him and to his white fellow-citizen.

Not only is "Social Equality" a stuffed scarecrow, but the people who talk most about it know who stuffed it, and why.

But the war and some other influences are beginning to knock the stuffing out of it.

SOCIAL EQUALITY.

April 11, 1918

The Wesleyan Christian Advocate in a recent issue reproduced two editorials of the Southwestern Christian Advocate, which appeared under the titles "A Little Plain Talk on Organic Union" and "Was it Discourtesy?" The Wesleyan makes two separate and distinct references to these two comments. It also refers to an article by Doctor J. W. E. Bowen which apeared in the same issue of the Southwestern. Among other things, in commenting, the Wesleyan says: "These papers from two representative Negroes of the Methodist Episcopal Church show very clearly that the Negro in that church is now very insistent in securing what he calls his 'equal rights' with the white man, and among these, is social equality." The term social equality has been so widely used and misused that it has lost much of the force which it once had to awaken interest and conjure with. We are not quite sure what our contemporary has crowded into these words. We do know that "social" relations are purely personal and cannot be intruded upon by any outsider however insistent he might be. Every individual and race has the imperial power of personal choice in all matters social, and that none has a right to dispute.

South Western

But is it social equality for the Negro to desire equality of responsibility, and privilege as citizens of the United States?

The Supreme Court of the United States (which is thoroughly orthodox from a Southern standpoint) has confirmed the opinion that the Negro has a right to citizenship and therefore entitled to equal privileges with all Americans.

Advocate

Is it social equality for the Negro to protest against being segregated in the alleys and the dark corners of our Southern cities? Here the Supreme Court again comes to our rescue and confirms that such segregation ordinances are contrary to the spirit of true Americanism.

Is there any more social equality involved in the Negro insisting on membership in the Christian Church than is involved in American citizenship?

Is it social equality that the Negro does not want to be segregated on account of his color in a corner of a church, however great it may be, when the principle of segregation is tabooed by the highest tribuna of the land?

Again we ask is there any social equality involved in church relations? Does the Gospel of Jesus Christ proclaim open doors for all or does it invite only a certain class?

It is not our purpose to discuss the social question at this time, but we plead guilty to the charge that we want equality of privilege in the church, and that we adhere to the fundamental principle annunciated by the great American "That no man is good enough to govern another man without the other's consent." And we do not consent to be governed even by so righteous a body as that of the proposed reorganized Methodist Episcopal Church. We disclaim any intention to intrude ourselves socially upon any one and that question is not involved in our contention.

Amalgamation and miscegenation of races is not our concern. We are not thinking of such things in any continuous, inviting way. We shall simply abide the movements of time, events and peoples under the divine rulership; and with the outcome we shall find no fault. What we are thinking, thinking real hard and daily is upon the problem, how are the different races of our country to live together in harmony and peace, all secure in their social and civil rights, no race unjustly dominant, no race unjustly oppressed? We know there are characteristic differences belonging to white and colored people. We know personal habits, racial prejudices, manners and customs in each race that are an astonishment if not a disgust to other races. Even body odors are characteristic and the Japanese visitor to American shores questions why the white man eats so much "cow beef" thinking what the late Sam Jones ca[l]led "[in]stinct" over against instinct

National Baptist

Union Review

NEGRO'S LIGHT COMPLEXION IS AID IN SERVICE

LAKE CUTAH REPUBLICAN
23. 1918

Gains for Him Quick Induction and Enhances His Chance to Rise.

Although Robert Sharkey, colored, took time by the forelock in entering Uncle Sam's national army at Camp Lewis, it wasn't entirely his fault, for it was because of his complexion that he will receive two weeks' training in advance of the regular colored contingent which entrains from Salt Lake for the cantonment on August 1.

The local draft board had called Sharkey last week to report for entrainment with the big contingent which leaves this evening for Camp Lewis. When Sharkey, who came here from Blackfoot, Ida., walked into the draft board offices yesterday morning the officials were surprised, for they had assumed he was white.

Sharkey was invited to remain here and join the colored contingent next month, but decided to dispense with all delay. He left immediately for Camp Lewis.

Approximately 250 draftees from Salt Lake City and county entrain this evening for Camp Lewis. About 500 in the state also will depart.

Indicating that the physical qualifications of men in deferred classification of the draft is nearly 100 per cent perfect, city draft board No. 3 qualified thirty-five men for general military service in the national army at physical examinations conducted yesterday morning.

Forty-two men who reported were examined and not one of these was rejected for physical defects. Seven, however, were referred to the medical advisory board, with indications that they, also, will qualify.

Six out of nine men examined qualified for general military service before local draft board No. 1. One was rejected, while two possess defects which will be cured so they can qualify.

A call was issued yesterday afternoon by board No. 1 for the following three negro registrants to report at the Capitol at 10 o'clock the morning of August 1, to entrain for Camp Lewis: John Brown, Samuel N. Davis and James M. Vena.

JURY DECLARES MULATTO LAWYER IS WHITE MAN

CHICAGO DEFENDER NEWS SERVICE

Detroit, Mich., May 31.—In the court of Judge Alfred J. Murphy a jury decided that Attorney Francis H. Warren was a white man. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Warren is a mulatto, and he claims that his father gave him more than his share of curly hair. Prior to the trial, in which he was one of the attorneys, much discussion was occasioned as to whether he was a white man. The jury finally voted him white, and the trial proceeded. They returned a verdict for [illegible]nt of $1,500 damages. The case [illegible] an assault, and the suit [illegible] damages is a civil action.

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are thinking that in the approach of alien races toward a common unity and into one great American state with legislative, executive and judicial departments there must also be a coming together of races, to live a reciprocal, inter-race life. Perhaps the "community" settlement" trials will by and by reveal what can be wisely done. Colored Americans will never be at rest and in accord with affairs til the social and the civic status of races is righteously settled. We think the Bible holds the solution to the problem. Let's find it to practice it.

"EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL, SPECIAL PRIVILEGES FOR NONE."

The dream of social reformers in all Christian countries has been for centuries that "Equal rights for all, special privileges for none," shall perevail in the political and economic life of the people. It is not an idle dream, nor yet an ideal one, because it is possible, in large measure, among al Christian people, with whom the principle of self-government is more generally developed than with any other. It requires a very strongly developed people to govern themselves; educated in books, in morals, in self-reliance, in brotherly love and affection; and this preparation can only be mastered after years of trials and development, and then only among a certain sort of people. It is a hard fact, born out of the tests of races and their development, that self-government has only been possible in its highest manifestation among English-speaking Protestant people. All others have failed in the tests or achieved only partial success. This has been due to the fact that the English speaking people have been singled out in our historical Christology to carry to the highest point possible with them the evolution of self-government in man power. They stand for "the enlargement," and not necessarily fo rthe reversion, "in the new and better covenant" hoped for by Paul, the chief Apostle to the Gentiles.

It is not often that we find recognition of the fact that the English speaking people stand for the enlargement in the evolution of mankind, as only stewards on trial, of whom an accounting will be exacted at the stated time, but we find it in the splendid address of Mr. E. M. Spivey, of the senior class of Trinity College, a part of which we published on the editorial page of The Journal and Guide of July 20, and in the quotation he makes from an address of Governor Aycock, one of the best and fairest chief executives North Carolina ever had. In the opening of his address Mr Spivey, who is generally fair and broad-minded said:

> In the discussion of the Negro question I think that I can safely say that no one of us believes in social equality. We do not believe in it because we realize that it would not be best for our civilization. Nor does the better class of Negroes want it. We do not believe in political equality to any great extent, because most of us do not believe that the Negroes are yet capable of exercising properly the ballot. They are not yet well enough versed in government and politics to make them desirable participants in political affairs. On the other hand, however, all of us do believe that they should have legal equality, and except in cases where their social and economic conditions result in a discrimination against them, we beleve that they receive equal justice in our courts with the poor of our own race.

It is very easy to say, if you feel that way, "No on of believes in social equality, because we realize that it would not be best for our civilization," and that, "Nor does the better class of Negroes want it." In the first place, just what social equality is Mr. Spivey does not say; few Southern white men agree as to what it is. If it means the mixing of the races by crossing them in the blood of them, then we have that and plenty of it as one of the products of slavery and the aftermath of slavery, in so far that the Afro-American people are so largely mulatorized that the whiting process to the color type regnant in the land in the final analysis needs no other re-enforcement of the white European and Red American Indian cross of races to accomplish it. That is the way the Spiritual Father works out new race types, and nothing we can think or do matters much to influence it. And the social question is one outside of civil law and will work out its own salvation, with or without the interference of civil law.

What Mr. Spivey says with regard to the Afro-American's unpreparedness to exercise the functions of the suffrage, would apply with equal force to the great mass of Southern white people, who are not prepared and do not think for themselves in politics, but follow blindly where their leaders lead them, as Afro-Americans largely do. And there is nothing said in the Constitution of the United States about disfranchisement because of ignorance of the citizens, the presumption being that the State would see to it that the average citizen should be so educated as to properly exercise his duty as citizens. Thomas Jefferson, who sat at the feet of the fiery Radicals of the French Revolution, and wrote our Declaration of Independence, said that the proper way to teach the citizen to exercise his rights as a citizen was not to deprive him of those rights but to exercise him in the duties of them, or words to that effect.

The social and political problems will work out as they should with time and education and patience.

Two Seek Discharge From Buffaloes, Say They're White

Camp Upton, L. I., May 31.—It is claimed the military authorities are now considering the cases of two men serving with the 367th infantry, Colonel James A. Moss' Buffaloes, who claim to be white men and, accordingly, do not belong to the Race regiment under the existing conditions. Both men came to the regiment recently. One is a Brooklynite and the other comes from Tiviton, R. I. The Brooklynite is Ambrosa Santo, a Spaniard, who was born in Porto Rico and came to this country three years ago. His Brooklyn residence is 82 Union street. The Tiviton man is Charles Alberts. Both have followed the sea for a number of years and their claim is the heavy tan, combined with their dark complexions, gives them the general appearance of members of our Race. Santo does not speak English and, talking through an interpreter, he blames his predicament upon the members of his draft board. Inability to make the claim that he was a Spaniard, combined with ignorance of what was being said, resulted in him being sent down with the Race boys from that district. He was ordered to the office of Major Schoenlieber, the cantonment surgeon, who applied the various tests and determined that his claim to Caucasian blood was well grounded. Santo will doubtless be transferred to the depot brigade. Ignorance lies at the bottom of the case of Alberts. He cannot read and his ability to write begins and ends with the signing of his own name. Albert says his mother is white with one quarter Indian blood and his father i a white man. His two brothers, he says, are white and the family has always been regarded as white in his native town. He says his brothers have always worked within doors and, not being exposed to the elements to any large degree, retain white complexions. Since he was a small boy he has followed the sea, generally as a fisherman. Exposure, he claims, has caused his face and hands to become dark. He has a rich mahogany color. Rolling up his shirt sleeves and turning down his shirt collar he displayed arms and throats it is claimed, that were without a doubt white. One of his brothers was drafted along with him. Both went to Camp Devens. His brother's claim to be white was allowed, but his own was not, he says.

There are now fifty Afro-American chaplains in the U. S. Army, and 400,000 of our boys at home and "overseas."

Dr. James G. Fowler has been appointed a city physician by the mayor of Pittsburg and is serving in the Department of Charities.

The N. A. A. C. P. took absolutely no part in the effort which resulted in inducing Gov. Cox to barr the infamous "Birth of a Nation" from Ohio.

Dr. John E. W. Thompson, U. S. Minister to Haiti under President Cleveland, murdered recently by a patient at Bridgeport, Conn., had been married twice, his second wife being

Dr. John E. W. Thompson.

white. A son and daughter by his first wife, and the widow (white) and her two sons (in the army) survive him. Dr. Thompson left New York City to locate in Bridgeport about five years ago.

CLAIMED COLORED WOMAN AS HIS WIFE—IS TURNED OVER TO MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

Lawton, Okla., June 13.—A white soldier by the name of Walker and Mrs. Mable Walker, a colored woman, were arrested last night at 22 E. Ave., where they have been living. The couple claimed they were husband and wife and that they were married in Wichita, Kas., on the 22nd of May. Soon after they returned to Lawton, according to the police, Walker has been living with this woman for some time. When the police entered the room where the couple was, the colored woman had her "husband" locked in the trunk. The officer started to open it and she said there was nothing in it. However, her white husband was found. Walker was turned over to the military authorities and the woman was released on bond, later being taken back to jail.